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# SKETCHES FROM MARLBOROUGH.

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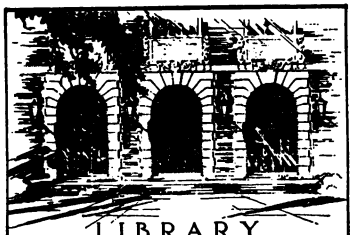

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# Sketches from Marlborough.

by E.F. Blandford.

——§o§——

"I may have failed—my School may fail;
I tremble, but thus much I dare;
I love her; let the critics rail,
My brethren and my home are there."

'*Ionica.*'

——§o§——

MARLBOROUGH:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY CHAS. PERKINS,
THE "TIMES" OFFICE,
1888.

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# PREFACE.

My respected publisher tells me I must write a preface. I am of an obedient disposition, so I obey him meekly, but at the same time I can't conceive what to write about. No one reads the preface, unless they are rather bored with the book; so either this will never be read, or else it will show that some people are bored with the book. However, I am assured the preface is a most essential thing, and a friend of mine has told me he knew of someone who read the preface first. The preface to a book is rather like the beard to an oyster, indigestible, but essential. (I believe someone has made that remark before, but that is neither here nor there).

A considerable part of this was written at Marlborough, though I am sorry to say I could not finish it before I left. A good many of the incidents

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actually happened, though all the characters are purely fictitious. I also beg to state that "I," the narrator of several of the ensuing stories, is not strictly I.

There are one or two reprints from the *Marlburian*, which have appeared within the last year or two, but they are all by the same author.

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# Sketches from Marlborough.

## Chapter I.

Clang! And I've only got just as far as the lime trees. Stroke must be early. Stroke always is early when one is late; it's a sort of application of extremes meeting. However, stroke *is* early to-night, so I run on to chapel gates with my watch in my hand. It's rather unlucky that it has stopped; however, it looks convincing. At the gate stand three masters, looking like Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. Clotho remarks that stroke has gone. I venture to add that it was a minute early. Clotho smiles and remarks that no doubt my form master will accept my excuse if I tell him, upon which Lachesis and Atropos also smile rather sardonically. I don't see why they should smile, it isn't a joke; at least it's a very bad one if it is at all. So I turn back and go into the sixth form room, and write down a series of stinging and sarcastic motions:—

1.—That stroke should not go a minute early.

2.—That the practice of "cutting off" at chapel gate be abolished.

3.—That Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos be requested to believe a gentleman's word (only I put the real names).

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4.—That evening chapel be no longer compulsory.

I can't remember any more; they were seven in all. What a nuisance it is though: first week in the term, and my chapel half gone already.

As usual the fire is out; it is a hopeless mass of cold ashes; no possibility of waking it up. It isn't worth while going up to my study either, as I must go over to Hall to get bread and butter. There is one consolation in being late for Chapel, and that is that you get your go at the bread and butter first. I only got into the sixth bottom promotion last term, so I sit at the very end of the row, and everyone comes out before me, and usually there is no butter left. It's not dignified in the sixth to be so eggy for bread and butter; they almost all run into Hall from Chapel. I begin examining the notices. Oh! I do draw the line somewhere. Thucydides and Greek rep first week in the term, and I couldn't possibly work during prep. That idiot Barton came and sat in my study, and gave me an enormous account of big game this afternoon. He only wanted to show that he had played. He said he had got a try, but I think he lied. Another notice, "Verses to be shown up by this evening." It's all very well to make jokes in moderation. There is even some excuse for Clotho, but there is positively no fun at all in this. Does the man think he can get water out of a stone? I believe not. Then how does he hope to get verses

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out of me? "Home they brought her warrior dead" into elegiacs. How amusing! I begin to fear I shall have to sit up. Well, if I sit up I must have a good meal now, or else I shan't last out till eleven. Hark! A sound of feet from Chapel! I rush out: I will get some bread and butter to-night. I am sorry for what I said about it being beneath the dignity of the sixth form to run to get bread and butter. It's perfectly dignified. I shall be easily first. Well, if this isn't enough to provoke Mary and her lamb! Hall doors are locked. I wish to call attention to this: because I ran, Hall doors are locked. And here come the rest of the sixth. Here come Boëlles and Kenwick. Boëlles, I believe, is of German extraction, and I can't pronounce his name to my satisfaction, so I call him Bolly, which is also rather descriptive.

"So you were late," says he, coming up. "I suppose stroke was early, wasn't it?" He's evidently got hold of the same joke as Clotho. I was just framing a sufficiently scathing reply when Hall doors were opened.

Kenwick remarks that he's coming up to brew with me as he hasn't got a fire in his study, which is one in the New Buildings. "All right," say I, "but I'm going to work; we'll do the construing together."

"Shall I bring a cr-b?" (I can't bring myself to write the word) he shouts out from half-way

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across court on our way back; he forgot his books.

Now this was highly injudicious, as all the masters were just coming out of chapel. However, there was an opportunity for an advertisement, so I called back, "No; I never use one." I thought that was rather smart. I hope he'll bring one, though; we shall never get through without.

My study is what is known as house study, and has a fire. This comes of getting into the sixth bottom promotion, when everyone else in the sixth who was in my house last term has left. It therefore follows that I am head of the house. I believe the feat is rather a record in its way. I think I shall take out a patent for it.

Well, the first thing evidently is to make tea. Most people will agree with me when I say that it is necessary to get boiling water and clean crockery to accomplish this. I hear a step along the passage, so I call in an awful voice, "Come and wash up." Silence ensues. I rush out to bring in the culprit by force if necessary, but on turning the corner into lavatory, outside my study, I found the owner of the step, who happens to be my house-master, and strangely enough he doesn't offer to wash up. Perhaps it is best to wash up oneself; besides, Kenwick can help when he comes. Kenwick is always recognizable from an immense distance, even when out of sight, by his habit of singing in a loud voice as he walks. I believe he thinks himself to be

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a tenor. The same verse of the same song will last him an evening or so, and the song he chooses is usually a popular and stale one. "Powerfullest preacher and tenderest teacher" has just turned the bottom corner as I repair to lavatory with my hands full. Hurrah! here's a fag at last. A small figure comes into lavatory to see if the water is hot enough for him to have a bath. I venture on a small joke on the theme that I will make it hot enough for him if he doesn't wash up quickly, which falls flat, somehow. "Don't talk of your provost" had reached my study by this time, so we sat down to begin Thucydides, "To get it over quick, you know," said Kenwick, "and then we'll browse." Kenwick had apparently not heard my remark about cr— (no; I cannot write it), and he had that serviceable volume in his Kish (is that the right way to spell it? It looks like Saul's father).

Now without doubt the easiest way and also the most expeditious is to do what Kenwick calls Thucydidean prose. This method consists of reading out a sentence in the C, and then seeing what the Greek for it is. "Besides said I," I am going to get up early to-morrow, and I shall look out all the words then. We had just arrived at the conclusion that "the Lacedaemonians were for crossing the straits in a trireme rowed by Syracusian slaves," when a prodigious crash from next door caused a temporary diversion. There is something fatal about a crash when your crockery is being

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washed up next door by a youth who is in a hurry to have a bath; and this particular crash was no exception to the rule. The extent of the damage proved to be a teapot and a fair number of plates. The youth was dismissed with a warning.

Do you know how particularly hard it is to toast new bread at a fire which consists mainly of black masses of coal with a few struggling flames here and there? The usual result is that the bread remains in its raw state, except where small regions have been sufficiently near the flame to have assumed a charred appearance and a gaseous taste.

"Perhaps Marchant has a fire," suggested Kenwick after an inspection of the doughy compound on the end of my toasting fork.

Marchant has the study below me, and is of a musical turn of mind. Even now fragments of a well-known popular song, the scene of which is laid in Bethnal-green, played in an imperfect manner on a penny whistle are heard faintly from below. On enquiring Marchant is found not to have a fire, but to have a cake, so Marchant, cake, and the Bethnal-green incident appear on the scene.

Half-past nine already, and next to nothing done! This won't do. So I take a Tennyson and resolve to do the Elegiacs. "'Dulce Domum' would do for "home" in the first line," says Kenwick. I reflect on the probable result of beginning a copy of verses with "Dulce Domum," and decided not to adopt the valuable

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suggestion. Kenwick has just learned a conjuring trick: it consists of passing a piece of string through his button hole, and then making a number of intricate knots on the aforesaid string, upon which the whole thing usually gets into a gruesome tangle, and has to be cut. It is considered rather a good trick. Now it is impossible to do verses when this is going on right in front of you, for he says that it once came out right. I feel sceptical, but still I cannot take my eyes off the string on the chance of its coming out right. At last, he gives a great tug, which is succeeded by a wild shriek from the Conjurer. Even Marchant stops short at "Two lovely." "I've cut my finger to the bone," says Kenwick, examining the injured member with returning calmness.

"Black eyes," says Marchant, or rather his penny whistle does, vastly out of tune. I shut up my books in despair. I will get up early to-morrow instead. The doctor told me it was not good to work at night, so I shall follow his advice. Voss's bell for me to-morrow, think I, making a mental survey of the probabilities of my getting up at that hour.

Enter Captain of Class Room, one Bistow, "How beastly fuggy this place is," says he, "I suppose its because you're all prefects."

"Methuselah is reputed to have been the author of that joke," says Marchant, "but I believe Adam really invented it."

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"Someone's been too much for you," remarks Bistow, seating himself in the most comfortable chair, as a consolation for the prevailing fug. Bistow is not a talented person, and at present graces the Lower Fifth; his age is reputed to be prodigious, and his extra terms extend over a period of two years. "We've got Compound Kish to-night," says he, drawing a dirty blue pamphlet out of his pocket. "We had a paper on it this afternoon, and I put "Compound Kish" at the top of mine. It was quite a mistake, but the effect was that I counted down bottom."

Good heavens! House bell, and all that I have done is to put down "Dulce Domum" in the first line of my Elegiacs. Well there's no help for it. I must get up early. Bistow says he's going to do the same. I know if I do happen to get up he shan't remain in bed long. Beds do turn over so easily at Marlborough, I wonder if they sell them as patent turn-over beds.

And Kenwick thinks good to swear at me for not letting him do any work. He also proceeds to call me a lazy brute. I should like to know who's going to get up early to-morrow? I would take a large bet that he won't stir till chapel bell, long after I am dressed. No I really can't sit up, it isn't wholesome to work after ten at night. They say it makes one feverish. I wonder if it does; I don't remember ever trying. It really is serious, though, late for chapel, and no work done except "Dulce

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Domum," and that was Kenwick's suggestion. I go into Dormitory, and announce that I am going to get up at Voss's bell. The Dormitory deem it necessary to hail this statement with derisive yells. One diminutive voice from across the room begins "So you said every day since"— That sentence was cut short by a sponge. The shot was a bad one, and it flew out of the window into the Master's Garden. How annoying! and what is worse is that it was my own sponge. However, perhaps it will prove serviceable to somebody. Possibly the Watchman will use it. I shan't grudge it him. I daresay he needs it more than I.

Well, the whole dormitory has promised "To wake me early, mother dear," as someone quotes from a far end of the room. I won't risk any more sponges; there would be a dearth if my attempts succeeded as imperfectly as the last. So I turn the gas out and into bed. This Dormitory is particularly energetic. Someone is always doing dumb-bells after lights are put out. I have done all in my power to stop dumb-bell exercise in Dormitory by gentle means, but somehow it won't be stopped. I suppose it's rather a good thing really, but it is distressing to hear the straining individual panting and groaning under his exertions. I tried it myself one night, but it was too exhausting. I had to recoup myself by a leave off next morning. I felt really seriously indisposed. There, he's done now. So I'm going to go to sleep.

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## Chapter II.

Is it necessary to say that I did not get up early this morning? I think not. Is it necessary to say that my knowledge of both repetition and construing was vague and unsatisfactory? I think not. Or is it necessary to say that I was put on in both, and that the result in each case was considered discreditable? Surely not.

Morning school is always a trial. In the first place one has a quantity of suppressed sleep somewhere in one's system, which one can't work off in the natural manner, or if one does, one is rudely called to life again by the form-master. In the second place seven o'clock is an unholy time of night to be dressed at, especially in winter. I had an additional reason to be angry this morning, for it had been snowing, and I slipped down in going out of B House, and my Thucydides naturally fell face downwards and open in some dirty snow, and my watch fell out of my pocket and broke its glass into about 3,000 fragments, and bent its big hand into a right angle. For all these reasons I considered myself justified in feeling distinctly sulky as I entered my class-room. Also I had got a presentiment that I should be put on in rep. and construing,

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and a still stronger conviction that I knew nothing about either.

I believe some one did wake me up at 6.15 this morning; at least I was conscious for a moment of a hand out of the darkness pulling my clothes away. I believe I used forcible language to the owner of that hand, and meant to convey to him that I did not intend getting up just then. After that my next impression was of someone shaking the bottom of my bed, and saying that it was just on chapel bell. I was seriously annoyed when I heard that, and got up, meaning to express my mind to the dormitory generally. But the only person left in the room was the captain of the dormitory, who I thought might express his mind back to me. He said that I had been awoke about ten times, but had refused to get up. Just then chapel bell began, or we might have quarrelled. The house had evidently been in a humourous mood this morning, and had employed their time in emptying numerous τὸ πᾶν'ς (I think that's less vulgar) of water on to the floor. The floor is one of those sort of wooden gratings with imperfect drainage beneath. Consequently the whole place was chill and marshy. It was altogether discouraging, more especially since there was no hot water, and if I have a weakness, it is for taking the chill off my bath.

Disasters were numerous that morning. I stumbled over one of those wretched dumb-bells,

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and hurt myself severely; I split my thumb-nail over my collar-stud; I dropped my tooth-brush into the water I had washed my hands in (do you know the particular aggravation caused by that?); I dropped a large sum of money out of my trousers pocket in my zeal to get them on, and it rolled under all the beds in the dormitory; and finally I hadn't time to drink any cocoa before going into school. Was I or was I not justified in feeling sulky? I only ask.

Well, here I am at last, having been put on in rep. and construing, and having failed signally in both. There is some consolation, however, even in that: at any rate I shall be left alone till eight. Kenwick, apparently, has taken leave off. What a brutal sham that man is. Marchant is sitting next me, absolutely absorbed in making poor caricatures, chiefly of me. As he finishes each, he passes it to me with an interrogative grin. There is a whole pageful of me. He asks me if I know who they are meant for? In some warmth I reply, "No, you idiot!" upon which the master comes down on me with promptitude for talking. Why shouldn't I talk? He's been talking the whole hour. Besides, it wasn't me, it was Marchant. At last eight comes, and as bell begins I rise to go. Oh, what now? He wishes to speak to me. He says he has got all the elegiacs on his desk except mine. "Where are they?" "Not quite done." "How far done"?

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"As far as 'Dulce Domum,'" whispers Marchant. Marchant's suggestion is quite true, but I am glad it passes unheard.

To-day we have a long hymn in morning chapel, about eight verses, and a minor tune. Nobody can sing when it as cold as it is to-day. Who ever heard a nightingale sing on a cold winter morning? *A fortiori*, not even the Marlborough College Choir can be expected to do so. Moreover, on a cold morning, they try to sing with their hands in their pockets, trebles and altos especially, and they all yawn a good deal. The result is inadequate. I hope they will profit by this excellent advice. I'm going to join the choir next term, and will set the example.

After Chapel I went to get my milk-jug to take into Hall. Going across court I met Kenwick; he's just got up, and looks abominably healthy and warm. I ask him incidentally what he had leave off for. He says he felt bilious. So did I, but I didn't have leave off. Getting up is prone to make one bilious, I believe. That is worth remembering next time it snows. I give the result of my moral reflections for Kenwick. I think he threw a snowball at me in consequence; anyhow a snowball hit Gerald, who was just on ahead, who thought it was me, and threw one back. I am sorry to say he is a better shot than Kenwick, and the remains of my milk-jug are lying in Court now. I hope he'll cut

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himself over them some day. One might write a nice little tract about the incident, and call it "The unjust snowballer rewarded," or "Are you?"

I think it is only at Marlborough that one sees such extraordinary collections of tinned edibles. Kenwick has bet me he will get twenty sorts of tinned meat at Harris and Musselwhite's. We have gone through the usual tinned beef, tinned mutton, tinned lobster, tinned tongues, &c.; in fact he has discovered about fifteen tinned things, and it becomes rather interesting every morning to see what new abomination he will light upon. This morning it is tinned herrings. The inside of the tin reveals a gruesome looking oily mess with several herrings' heads peering about, apparently to guarantee the genuineness of the article. "The proof of the herring is in the eating," says Kenwick taking out an oily flake of the substance. On tasting it, I object on the grounds of its being wholly inedible, and thus not falling in the category of edible things. Of course you could put a dead mouse in a biscuit tin and call it a tinned edible, if you wished. The herrings are voted to be too horrid, and consequently banished. Gerald announces that he is going to toboggan at twelve, and asks us to come. He says he has got a new toboggan which goes like steam. So we settle to toboggan, and Kenwick says he'll steer. Kenwick's steering usually results in landing the whole party on their heads a few yards from the top,

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while the toboggan finishes the trip alone. I don't know how he manages to upset everybody so quickly, he is perfectly infallible at it. No, I would sooner steer myself than be steered by Kenwick.

I never saw any one eat in the way Gerald does. He does not mind what it is so long as it has "body." He even expressed regret at the expulsion of the herrings. He doesn't often come into breakfast in Hall, but eats vast meals in his study. He says he doesn't like being hurried. The truth of this remark is obvious when you find him at about twenty minutes to ten about halfway through a mound of porridge that would last most people a month.

It's mathematical morning to-day, and Gerald says he'll come and do some sums with me when he's had a piece of toast in his study. So I go up to my study, and make another short run at "Dulce Domum."

I never shall be a mathematical genius—nor will Gerald for that matter—and as for Kenwick who comes with Gerald "To see that we don't waste our time," he says, he is infinitely worse than either of us. It happens to be arithmetic to-day, and the particular branch of arithmetic we are investigating is rule of three. The answer in some cases is a clue to the method of doing the sum. For instance if the answer is 3, and there is a 27 and a 9 in the sum, it is more than probable that the 27 is to be divided by the 9. and the truth of this method

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is made far more certain if there are two 5's about, in which case you multiply by one and divide by the other. The people one meets in mathematical books are always engrossingly interesting. For instance, what a beautiful sketch we have of C, who leaves A and B to do the rest of the work, which I see ought to be finished in twenty-one days, and then insists on having £25 as his share of the profits, which only amount to £37 6*s.* 8*d.* altogether. I know such lots of people like C. The answer to the sum is twenty-one days, but how to connect twenty-one with £25 and £37 6*s.* 8*d.* is more than I can see. Kenwick suggests that C was $\frac{2}{2}\frac{5}{1}$ times as strong as A and B, which sounds ingenious, but I think Mr. Todhunter would have specified this, if it had any connection with the plot of the sum. Gerald has covered several sheets of paper with quantities of meaningless figures, which he says he's going to show up in any case whether the sum comes right or not. The next sum is about a garrison who have to live a month on insufficient provisions, and they want us to find out how many there were in the garrison. Kenwick remarks that if Gerald was there, the provisions wouldn't last very long; but this again is not helpful. So we leave that sum. The next sum is about Stocks with Brokerage in it. Whenever I see Brokerage I give up. I am not unreasonable, but before Brokerage I fail. Besides $\frac{1}{8}$th always interferes with the answer. I find.

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Gerald is inconvenient enough to remember that there was some trigonometry set as well. We have just begun trigonometry in A 3, and at present one's ideas on the subject are rather vague and unsatisfactory. Trigonometry is very interesting, though; it's all about flagstaffs and ships sailing out to sea, from which the mariner observes a tower to make an angle of thirty degrees with the horizon. This is probably due to the pitching of the ship, and when the ship pitches one thinks about one's chance of being able to eat any dinner, not about angles and towers. However it's very interesting and lifelike. Then there are some good characters in trigonometry as well. There is a certain A, which on special occasions becomes "very large and positive." That is a dreadful character, a sort of nightmare figure. Kenwick always makes the same pun about angles in trigonometry. He says that the tower has made a sign to the horizon, and there is some collusion between them, and that's why the answer is invariably wrong. I don't quote this as being a good pun, but it gives you an insight into Kenwick's character.

Good heavens! there's bell. Marchant gathers his work hurriedly, and goes downstairs to finish his toast. Greedy beast! Two hours mathematics! What a gloomy prospect. As the barometrical reports say "Squalls may be expected;" for we have got terribly few answers, and those are wrong. However the thought of tobogganning will "Bear one stiffly up," as someone says.

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## Chapter III.

Mathematics are over at last. There really is a great deal to be thankful for in this life. Also my mathematical master behaved like an angel, and was only amused when I told him that none of my work had the same answers as the book. Gerald is ready with the toboggan, and Kenwick says he will run after us. I suppose that means that he knows we shan't wait for him. Well, he is quite right.

There is a fair crowd when we arrive at the bottom of Duck's hill. It is curious to notice the different ways in which different people toboggan. Most come down with their eyes dilated with terror, and an agonized expression of face. Here comes Metcalfe: he is another type. He is alone on a very small toboggan charging down the hill apparently to instant annihilation. But his face wears an expression of serious gravity: he doesn't look frightened, but evidently feels that it is a crisis in his life. A third sort of tobogganer is he who comes down screaming with laughter: he invariably upsets, upon which he rolls on the ground, simply overcome with amusement. The fourth sort consists of those who like it very much, unless they upset. If they upset they are extremely annoyed, and some of them swear.

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I belong to the fourth sort, but do not usually swear. I really don't see the fun of upsetting. It may be excruciatingly amusing to the spectators; they usually laugh themselves all to pieces, but it is a painful process.

Well, here we are at the top. Who's going to steer? Kenwick, of course, hasn't come yet. On the whole I think I'd better steer. I am rather good at it; besides, I shall fall on to the man in front if we upset, which I really don't think very unlikely. Barton says he'll make the third, if we like. I am extremely nervous, and am nearly half ready when someone shoves us off, crooked of course, and down we go.

It is reported that people, just when they are dying, review in a moment the whole of their past life. That is what happened to me. My contemplations were suddenly cut short by a prodigious bang, and a burst of demoniacal laughter from Barton, who fell on the top of me. Apparently we have been upset somehow.

I don't wish to appear discontented, but we might have fallen in a softer place. I have alighted on the edge of the toboggan, and Barton has alighted on the top of me. This is vastly amusing to everybody. Kenwick, who has just come, stands there laughing himself all out of shape, like Bret Harte's dog. Besides this, they all think fit to swear at me. I don't know why; I did my best.

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"No, thank you; I won't steer again. Kenwick may do it this time. I bet we come a far worse howler than before." Kenwick has brought two iron tennis net-fixers to steer with. He calls them steerers; I should he was the steerer, properly. However, if he and the steerers can get us to the bottom in safety I shan't quarrel with the name. This time we go down with four. Barton weighs about 35 stone, I believe, so if he falls on me again it may be disastrous. It will be as well to make one's will before setting out. "If I die in this trip," I say to Gerald, "I leave you my toasting-fork and half a cake that you'll find"—my words were cut short by someone shoving us off.

Good heavens! There is another toboggan just parallel to us with two masters and three other fellows on it. They really should not start with five, it's dangerous. We got down about half-way in comparative safety, but then, just in front of us, another toboggan upset; consequently we charged into them, and the other toboggan into us. The entire contents of both toboggans fell on to me. I was squashed perfectly flat, and the whole of my breath left my body. Did you ever have the whole of your breath leave your body? Colloquially it is called getting your wind bagged. One of Kenwick's steerers "took me" under the fifth rib, and I believe my leg must have been broken in several places. I know Barton and others stood

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about on it for some time. The whole thing was considered extremely funny by the spectators. There were various other compound fractures which I don't remember at this moment.

After this we had several successful attempts, which so encouraged us that we voted to go down the jumps. Half-way down Duck's hill, in places, there is a sudden mound of grass, over which the toboggan leaps. The point of the game is to retain your seat on the toboggan, in which case you get severely bruised; if you can't do that you have to sit on the ground, which is far more painful and colder.

It was simply agonizing. The speed was terrific, and we all flew up in the air as the toboggan leapt over the jump. It is needless to say that the horrid machine did not wait for us, but finished the expedition alone, and there we were left seated on the snow. The spectators were all delighted, and begged us to do it again. However, we declined, gratefully but firmly. I don't think we had very many more accidents after that, except once, when we took someone, who was standing in the track, off his feet; and once when we charged into the camera of an unsuspecting photographer who was taking a picture of the scene. As far as I remember he was extremely blasphemous when this happened; but, as Gerald told him, we couldn't have counted on a photographer, of all people, getting in our way

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tobogganing, and besides, we had as much right there as he had.

Yet, on the whole, tobogganing is a very good amusement, but not for nervous people. My hair is visibly greyer since I set out this morning. However, I think I shall go again this afternoon. Bell had begun before we left off, and as a natural consequence we were all late for hall. Gerald is a useful person in such an emergency. We went to his study, and found a variety of more or less solid eatables, off which we made a nondescript lunch. One of the chief items was a muddy sort of soup made from a powder contained in a paper packet. By dint of sufficient boiling we converted this powder into a brownish-coloured syrup, which was then, according to the packet, Mulligatawny soup. I don't know what Mulligatawny may be; but, unless it tastes like peppery hay, that soup was *not* Mulligatawny. Gerald says it's a sort of seaweed that grows in Ireland. If he means samphire, I am with him; at the same time I should be sorry to eat samphire soup. There are also some eggs, which Kenwick says he knows how to butter. The process seemed to be to put the eggs with a good many bits of shell floating about into a saucepan, add a quantity of rather stale butter, and stir with a dirty spoon. The result was charming. You got so many different flavours in a short time, like a Neapolitan ice: Mulligatawny and porridge predominated. In comes

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Barton. He proposes tobogganing down Martinsell. Well he is quite welcome to if he likes, but he'd find the roof of chapel not quite so steep and less dangerous. Upon which he calls me a "goat" (a particular name of his), and we all go out again to resume operations on Duck's hill.

### Two Types.

Jones is what I consider to be a "type." There are a good many Joneses in this world, and they are all typical. He is unusually described as being "An awfully casual chap." He comes into form and invariably asks me where the work begins; or if anyone asks him the same question, he will reply "Don't know. Haven't looked at it" (Here follows a monosyllabic laugh). "Haven't done a stroke."

However I am up to Jones' ways now, and whenever he asks me where the work begins, I reply "Don't know. Haven't done a stroke. Never do." It isn't strictly true, but it is good for Jones.

He always cuts the leaves of his holiday task coming back in the special. This by the way is his own account, but I once found his book a good deal underlined and annotated, and on pointing it out to the owner, he got rather angry and said some one must have bagged it and been grouting at it.

At any period of the term he will be found on enquiry to have been late for chapel "About eight times." Adding that "he has never got his chapel

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half yet," and if in the sixth "always bags it though."

He never begins his prose till the half-hour, and always lets his rep. slide. He says "It really isn't good enough" to learn rep.

However, to quote his words again, "The beaks usually let me alone, and don't interfere much." Though he is frequently late for chapel, and never gets his chapel half, "The masters at the gate usually let me through somehow." "Somehow" is a wonderfully telling addition; it adds a vagueness, a sense of undefinable and awful power, given in outline. But perhaps Jones never blossoms to the full at Marlborough. When he is an O.M., however, he becomes absolutely overwhelming. He really never does anything somehow. He supposes "You chaps never do any work. By Jove, I never did a stroke when I was here." Also "The masters didn't like me somehow, I was a bit too casual for them."

Again he enquires "What time you chaps have to go into chapel at. I don't think I used to go into chapel much."

I don't really know what happens to Jones in after life. Whatever happened he would think it didn't matter much. I should think he usually becomes a clerk in a bank. But the truth is that Jones isn't so bad as he makes himself out to be. As a matter of fact his rep. doesn't really get much sliding, and there is really no authentic instance of

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his having been late for chapel. However, I have only given his own account of himself.

The indifferent character is to be distinguished from the casual man. The casual man is anxious about one thing, namely to appear casual. The indifferent man is not anxious about anything at all. He is always rather tired, and wears a jaded appearance, and is in a perpetual state of limpness. If he plays racquets he will try and take balls behind his back, but is not at all distressed at invariably missing them. In chapel he does not talk or behave indecently, but again he never responds or takes the slightest interest in the proceedings. If he does not know his work in form, and is sent down bottom, he merely pities the master who sends him there. He thinks it rather bad form to run anywhere or get hot, and is consequently not unfrequently late for chapel. It is a very rare thing with him to be really annoyed; but when he is annoyed he swears calmly but steadfastly. If it begins to rain as he begins to play fives, or if anyone treads on his toes—wild horses shall not drag from me what he says then. His motto is "Tolerance," and he is very fairly consistent. He usually leaves Marlborough at the age of eighteen; being superannuated in some lower form in the fifth. Two years afterwards he will be seen in the *Marlburian* to have passed into Sandhurst, 56th place.

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## Chapter IV.

Kenwick and I both had got the skating fever. So one evening, when it was just possible that if there was an abnormally hard frost, the ice might bear, we prepared overnight a wholesome, though somewhat chilling breakfast of corned beef and bread and butter, and prepared to start at the witching hour of 8.20 the following morning for the Forest Pond.

On the morrow, about 8.40 a.m., two figures might have been seen seated on the banks of a lonely far away pond, dubiously frozen. The red frosty sunshine touched the beech trees of Savernake Forest, while to the north stretched away a common of stunted furze bushes, through which, every now and then, came chill blasts of wind which pierced the wanderers to the bone. (You may finish the rest of the description for yourself in the same style).

Altogether, a less desirable locality in which to breakfast on a cold morning could not have been chosen.

Kenwick was the first to speak: "You may skate on my hands, if you like," said he, "they are far harder frozen than that pond, also larger."

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That was evidently a joke, so to make matters pleasant I tried to laugh. But I couldn't do it, I could only accentuate the chattering of my teeth.

"Anyhow, we'll have breakfast," said I. "I wish we could have brought some tea; it might warm us."

"The burning fiery furnace wouldn't thaw me," said Kenwick.

Reserved silence. Mental survey of position.

"This is a unique situation, I should say," he continued, drawing from his pocket a piece of newspaper, which was folded in an imperfect manner round some scraggy sections of corned beef. He laid it on the ground. "There's the bread and butter somewhere," he continued.

A fuller investigation was rewarded by the discovery of some unhealthy looking bread, cut in substantial slices, with patches of butter distributed in an uneven number over the bilious surface. This was distinctly cheering, and we both felt better.

Another silence ensued, during which the beef vanished more rapidly than the bread and butter, especially the bread. "This is the most outlandish position I have ever been in," said Kenwick, trying to repress a smile; "but doesn't it strike you as being mildly humourous?"

"Very mildly," said I severely, upon which he, so to speak, went out.

"Don't be sick," he said. "You know it was you who proposed coming."

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We looked round: between us lay the rapidly diminishing column of corned beef, and the slowly diminishing ditto of bread. The paper it was wrapt in fluttered ominously in the wind. "Like a danger signal," said I.

"Then it would be red," replied Kenwick.

He was certainly getting angry. Before us lay a small piece of water, thinly iced over, "about as big as a pocket-handkerchief," remarked Kenwick, "on which we hope to skate."

"I feel as if I was going to bathe," said I, buckling my ankle-strap.

"Perhaps you are," replied Kenwick, sympathetically. "But I shan't if I find you do."

However, he weighed at least two stone more than I did, and as I told him, he had better go on first, for if I went on first, even if it bore me, it would not necessarily bear him, while if it bore him I might venture to come on without danger. Thus he was the better test.

There was something genuine about this logic, and so Kenwick, after finishing the corned beef, launched himself on to the ice. A terrific sound as of artillery was heard all over the pocket-handkerchief, and the ice bent beneath his feet like the sea in a heavy ground swell. I thought perhaps he would feel more at home if I talked to him, so I stood on the bank and shouted encouragement.

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"It's all right if it bends," said I, "it's only if it cracks that—" and here my reply was drowned for a moment by another artillery report.

However, by this time he had gone over most of the surface (and it didn't take long to do that), and so, in a moment of strong physical courage, I buckled my skates and joined him. It certainly was beautiful ice, perfectly clear, with that peculiar satin sort of feeling about it. We saw the weeds at the bottom waving uneasily as we passed over them; also, there was the conviction never absent from us—that at any moment the ice might give way.

Kenwick was practising what he called cross-cuts. I don't quite know what a cross-cut may be, but what Kenwick did was this. He skated up in a rapid and irregular manner to near the bank, and then lifted one foot from the ice in a hesitating way, and made several convulsive movements with his body. The result of this was that his skate said "Gr-r-r-r," and he fell against the bank, upon which he said "Bother, I slipped." Sometimes he said "Dash it," and on those occasions it was a loop. It seems rather an easy figure to do; but when I suggested he should do it in the middle of the pond where there was more room, he declined.

The ice in the middle of the pond looked good, and in a moment of rashness I skated on to it. It is needless to state that it instantly gave way, and

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landed me, so to speak, in about three feet of water, very cold and rather slimy.

This amused Kenwick very much, and he so far forgot himself as to fall down backwards, full length along the ice. Naturally the ice "chucked," and he got soaked from head to foot. I felt that if I had not been so cold I should also have been extremely amused. After that we went home.

Kenwick persuaded me to come up to "train" after Hall to-day. He should have asked me before Hall, as it is Friday, and I partook of the insidious apple tart "without restraint, and knew not eating death," as the Greek card says.

I mean to ask the cook for the receipt of that apple tart, it is quite different from any other. If Lamb had only tasted it, he would certainly have written a dissertation on apple tart instead of roast pig. I am rather a good cook, and can make toffy to perfection, and the best of it is that nobody else likes it when it is made, except myself, who think it delicious.

However I am certain I can run as well as Kenwick, even if I have eaten about 120 degrees of apple tart, so we go up.

Kenwick of course is late. So I have a cool quarter-of-an-hour on the eleven before he comes. Sprinter is training to-day, and asks me to time him for the quarter-mile. He has got a stop-watch, which he explains to me. One, two, three, off. I got so

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excited in watching him run that I quite forgot to set the stop-watch going. He's going the most spendid pace, it is really quite exhilarating. He comes tearing in with a superb spurt, and falls breathless on to the tape.

It is then that I discover that the stop-watch hasn't been working. He comes gasping up to me, "How—long—did—I—take?" "Just 60 seconds," I reply, in a moment of inspiration, remembering that 60 seconds brings the stop-watch back to the starting point.

He is so angry at this, and altogether so frightfully mortified, that I almost feel inclined to tell him what has happened. However I refrain: it will make him train all the harder. Besides if I did tell him the consequences might be disastrous.

Here comes Kenwick. Oh he didn't think I'd be up so soon, didn't he? It's very thoughtful of him.

Kenwick says he is going to run half-a-mile, and as I came up to train, I suppose I had better run it too. Kenwick has got a new theory about racing: it is not very scientific I believe. He says that you ought to spurt first, because it is more than possible that you will not find it possible to spurt at the end of the race, and what is the use of racing if you can't spurt somewhere? Moral: spurt while you may.

I am sure there is a fallacy somewhere, though I don't quite see where. Anyhow I am not going

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off at that break-neck pace. I may have got a weak heart. Who knows? Kenwick's style of running may be correct, but it is not beautiful. He says you ought to run on your toes: and he is always doing everything on his toes now. He walks into a room on his toes. The effect is identical with the motion of a mechanical doll, which says "Pa-pa," every third step. Sometimes I say it for him, upon which the mechanical doll exhibits symptoms of bad temper.

Meanwhile I am going along very comfortably and quietly. I am sure mine is the correct way of doing the half-mile. Gerald is standing at the corner. He asks whether I am training for the twelve-mile race. I have just breath enough to tell him that there isn't one at Marlborough, and that if there was *he* wouldn't win it. That's what they call a college score; and there are some chants in the chapel music-books called "College I.," "College II.," &c., which get their name from them.

I believe that Kenwick has made a mistake. He says that twice and a piece round is the half-mile course. He has no idea of distance at all. It must be once and a piece (a small one I should say). However, it is best to be certain, and so the only way is to sit down and wait for him to come up. He probably hasn't got wind enough to reply if I shout to ask him, and I am rather doubtful if I have wind enough to shout. It isn't at all bad fun to train for the half-mile, if you do it

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in a philosophical spirit. Here comes Gerald up from the Corner. He seems surprised to hear that I am training for the half-mile. It's better than sloping anyhow. Where can Kenwick be? What a slow coach he is. I should have finished my half-mile long ago if I hadn't stopped. That's what comes of spurting at the beginning. I don't think I will do the rest of it now. So Gerald and I walk round together. Oh there's Kenwick sitting on the roller. He says he's got a stitch. However he agrees to run the hundred against me.

"I'll give you ten yards, if you like," he says kindly, "and Gerald shall time us." I was just going to suggest that I should give him twenty, but I am afraid that the point of the remark is gone now.

Gerald goes to borrow Sprinter's stop-watch. Sprinter is practising starting. He is on the race committee, and has got hold of the sacred pistol that always goes off at the wrong moments. He has chartered a small boy, who is desperately afraid of the weapon to start him. The experiment doesn't usually come off. However Sprinter says he'll come and start us. We are going to start even. It really is getting exciting. Quite a small crowd has collected. I feel exactly like a race horse. We take off our sweaters and there is a breathless pause. "Are you ready?" shouts Sprinter. One, two, three——. A faint click follows, and all I know is that I am well off. I must be winning. There's not time to look

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behind, but certainly Kenwick is not in front. About half-way down I hear Sprinter calling me. No, he has probably bet on Kenwick, and wants me to lose. I'm not going to be foiled that way. I arrive breathless, but triumphant. Where is Kenwick? He hasn't started apparently. I suppose he scratched at the last minute. Gerald seems to think that the pistol didn't go off. No of course it didn't. It doesn't usually: but it clicked at the time that we were meant to start, and surely you can't want anything fairer than that. The small crowd, by the way, were in convulsions of laughter. I thought one or two were really going to have fits. Sprinter comes up.

"I never started you," he said. "You'll have to run it again."

"It's all very well," I reply rather hotly, "But you know you meant to, and I took the will for the deed."

"It doesn't pay in races, you'll find," he replied blandly. "You'd better run it again, unless you funk."

"Of course, when I've just run, and am out of breath," I remark. "Naturally Kenwick will win."

He assures me that Kenwick has been quite as severely handicapped by laughter. So down we go again.

I shouldn't like to say how many false starts we had. If you added all the one, two, three's

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together, you would reach about four figures. However we were off at last, and I am sorry to say that Kenwick won by a good many yards.

I don't think I can have been made for a hundred yards runner. Gerald assures me that the lowest computation compatible with the slightest attempt at truthfulness was 12⅔, and even then he remarked "Truthfulness got the worst of it."

I mean to go and do some hurdles to-morrow. Kenwick has challenged me to race him down the 120. Kenwick's method of jumping hurdles is also peculiar. He goes at them sideways on his toes, and climbs over them in a sedate manner. He say it's the proper style. About every fourth hurdle he falls heavily.

There was Barton throwing the hammer as we went down. It was a ludicrous spectacle, but also rather dangerous. He runs round the hammer three times and then lets go. The hammer is liable to fall in any quarter of the compass. It usually goes up in the air. On those occasions if it were possible to get the exact height which it reaches, and thus compute the entire distance he would probably win. On the other hand he might slaughter the judges first. No, if Barton goes in for throwing the hammer in the school sports, I will not be a spectator. There will certainly be some casualties among them, if he does not throw it on to his own head first. Barton apparently doesn't like being

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laughed at either, so I don't think I will wait till he's finished his experiments. There's bell! and that means a quarter-past four. However, being in the Sixth, I haven't got to go in till 5.0. It is always a deep pleasure on these occasions to stand in the Bradleian Arches as the rest are going into school. One can pity them. So I arrive at the Bradleian Arches just in time I hope to see people into school, and make commiserating remarks. However, to my disgust, I remember going across Court that it is a Saint's Day, and there is no one whom I can pity. Evidently I am fated to waste all this afternoon; for here comes Thorndyke proposing a game of squash. I don't approve of Thorndyke, but I don't mind if I play squash with him. He is rather loud, and wears a green tie to show he doesn't care for trammels. In fact he is rather a "casual man."

The small Squash Court is tenanted by a squadron of fourth form fellows, who are playing snob. Conveniently enough they lose their only ball almost simultaneously with our arrival, and consequently evacuate. The youth who broke my crockery a day or two ago raises objections. He says they can easily play with a handkerchief. This I feel justified in over-ruling, so by way of revenge he mounts on the board and looks sarcastic whenever I miss a stroke. I am sorry to say that he has a good many opportunities for looking sarcastic. If this goes on I feel I shall do something sarcastic with

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my racquet. I mention it incidentally to him, upon which he says "Jiber" and flees. There will probably be a painful scene this evening.

Thorndyke keeps up a flow of conversation as he plays.—Puts me in, doesn't it?—Three one?—I say I was late for chapel this morning.—That's rather a good stroke—about the sixth time this term.—Four one—but my collar stud broke.—I suppose they'll take that.—Can you take a ball under your leg?—Puts you in.—I saw you training to-day; you didn't seem to be getting on much.—Seven three.—I say, do you think my tie is illegal?—I don't care if it is. —Puts me in.—It's rot having to wear black ties.—I always wear a scarlet one at home, &c., &c.

I find I usually win when he talks very much, so I don't try to stop him.

We play on for about half-an-hour, and then by tacit consent "dry up." He goes to prepare his work for school. I—shall I reveal it?—to brew.

THE INVITATION.

(*With apologies to the Laureate*).

Come into my study Jack,
For the clock has struck half-past four;
Come into my study Jack,
We really can't wait any more.
Come quick, for you didn't used to be slack;
You ought to have been here before.

For Foster's have sent up the bread,
And it stands converted to toast;

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And the buttered eggs hiss in the pan,
  And although I don't like to boast,
They're the best I have ever made I think,
  And certainly quite the most.

And fresh from the oven at Hart's,
  A Sultana cake's on the plate,
And Marchant and Kenwick are here,
  And both of them vote to wait;
And the kettle sings sweet on the hob,
  And really you're awfully late.

Hark! a sound on the B House stair,
  And a stir as of hurrying feet,
As quick down the passage it comes,
  And I hurriedly rise from my seat.
The teapot I fill to the brim,
  Till the lid and the liquid meet,
And we fall on the toast and the eggs,
  And we talk, and we drink, and we eat.

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## RETROSPECT.

Across the Court the O.M. strays,
  And moralises all alone,
And casts around his pensive gaze—
  They're all in school, for ten has gone.

I read the lists upon the board,
  And see that Jones played for the school;
And wonder whether Allen scored,
  Or, as more usual, played the fool.

Alas! I know not half the team;
  The times are changed, and so are they.
Last year did ever Allen dream
  That he'd be playing yesterday?

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I know not Smith; I know not Hale,
Who offers in a generous mood
His new Greek dictionary for sale
At sixpence—the condition's good.

The race committee have put up
A notice, purporting to say
The first ties for the racquet cup
Are to be played by Saturday.

Ah me! With what keen interest
In days gone by 'twas mine to see
Turner's beat Gould's. How oft I guessed
If they would draw the bye or we.

And still I look and speculate
If we shall get the cup this year,
And scan the fives list and debate
If Howson will "pip" Conybeare.

How all the ancient customs change,
New buildings grace the red brick row,
Court wears an aspect new and strange,
And Spielman cuts out Foster now.

And superannuated youths
Flit gaily to the Army Class,
And spend their leisure time at Head's,
And cent. per cent. to Sandhurst pass.

They change and go, as we have gone;
Nought can Time's sad sure progress stem—
So here I sit and muse alone,
An ungregarious O.M.

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## Chapter V.

### Traditions.

Time is proverbial for diminishing things. The great exception to this almost universal rule is tradition. Time, so far from diminishing tradition is the cause of tradition, and always keeps on adding to it. It follows that no place on which time has not acted, has many traditions. However Time so to speak has spent its time well at Marlborough, and we really have a very fair number of traditions considering we are only a baby of forty years or so.

Of course one cannot expect those splendid feats that have taken place at Rugby and other older schools. No one was ever roasted before the Upper School fire, no one has ever raced the London Coach for twenty miles along the Bath Road, or had a boxing match, in which he defeated the whole Common Room. But the rebellion is a very creditable specimen of a latter day tradition.

Apparently the school didn't get dinner enough to eat. They therefore contented themselves in rushing round Court, brandishing Hall knives and

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shouting "Bread and blood." This must have been an extremely awe-inspiring and beautiful spectacle, but it didn't produce either the bread or the blood they desired. Probably then someone cut their finger, for the howling mob, either fired with a desire for cough mixture, or in order to repair several minor injuries that may have occurred, proceeded to storm surgery. But here they reckoned without their host, for the dear old doctor happened to be at his post in surgery. Hearing the howls of the crowd he apparently held the door with one hand and pursued his customary vocations with the other. The school thus being unable to force an entrance (there were only about three hundred of them against one arm) dispersed and no more is heard of them. Possibly they lived happily ever afterwards. The only other thing they are reported to have done was to carve their names on some of the brick buildings with no other ostensible object than to make no secret of their conspiracy. These bricks at present occupy a conspicuous place in the new Modern School buildings. I am not writing this as an authentic account. I dare say I shall get some indignant letters on the subject pointing out the true state of the case, but this is the form under which the rebellion is generally known in the school.

Of course we have our ghosts. There is the M Dormitory ghost to begin with in B House. This gentleman occupies his time in throwing himself out

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of the end window, apparently to remind the spectators of the crowning folly of an ill spent life. I don't know when he was last on view. I believe he has been scarce of late years. Then there is the C House ghost which merely looks at you. I believe it is a man that looks at you. Anyhow it is very weird and shadowy. It is chiefly seen by those who take leave off evening chapel. I believe the origin of it was that some one who had taken leave off was really found in a faint at the bottom of C House stairs, and said he had seen this beast. C House ought to have a more respectable ghost, and I exhort the inhabitants thereof to coin one somehow. I should think the ghost of a young lady who wrung her hands in silence and pointed at you, might be sufficiently impressive.

Then there is the Racquet Court ghost. He walks up and down outside the Old Racquet Court with his head in an unnatural position, under his left arm I think it is. He fell from the roof of the Racquet Court, possibly with enough violence to knock his head off, which he hasn't been able to put on, and so carries about with him. He ought to employ himself like the M Dormitory ghost in taking headers.

Then there is the phantom coach which goes round Court at witching hours. Some prosaic soul said they saw a master who had been to London get out of it at C House and go to his room. These are

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the enemies of tradition, who coin probable material facts out of good old improbable fables.

To turn to more substantial traditions, there is the gang of burglars whom the watchman terrified into submission in the Wilderness, and took off to prison. It is popularly believed that he hid behind the corner of C House, and said "Bo!" at an opportune moment, upon which they all fell down on their faces like the gardeners in Alice in Wonderland when detected painting the rose tree, and were promptly taken. They had been trying to steal the peacock without a particle of success.

There are other less sensational tales. There is the master who went up to play racquets when they were first introduced, and bought a new racquet and a new ball, upon both of which he wrote his name, and was seriously annoyed at not being able to recover his ball at the end of the game.

Then there is the great football hero, also, I believe, a master, who when playing for his house on big game found himself in the unenviable position of having nine of the opposing side holding on to his head on one occasion when he got the ball. He was facing his own goal at the time, apparently having been running back, upon which he took a drop backwards with his heel, and scored a goal from a distance of seventy yards. That is an example of really first-rate tradition: it has evidently been carefully nourished for many years.

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The school also used to do their duty in those days. They used to go hunting parties into the forest, and drive deer into a narrow place, and then slaughter them with squalers. Then they would skin the corpses, and have venison for supper.

That, again, is a good tradition. It couldn't possibly have been made all at once. Such a story wants many years' maturing, and also a certain basis of fact to start upon. It would be such a treat to see a gang of fellows at the present day hunting deer: it would be quite romantic, and probably quite safe for the deer. But everyone is getting so common-place now. Certain members of the school made a traditional move the other day when they began bowling hoops. It was laudable from a traditional point of view, though foolish on present considerations. There will probably be a very good tradition about it some day, which will take the form that they bowled hoops round class-rooms when they were in school, and that if the master objected they beat him on the head with the sticks.

Then in the old days there were political prefects, who used to hold excited meetings out in New Court, and harangue the school from their study windows. The usual consequence was broken glass. That isn't a very good tradition; it is too probable. Possibly when it has been built up a little it may be worth having, but at present it is not unlikely enough to make it presentable. How-

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ever, within quite recent times another respectable foundation for tradition was built. The form it at present takes is this: when the old chapel was pulled down, the upper school was used temporarily for service, and to accommodate the members of the school who were thus rendered homeless, a tin tabernacle was built in court. The contractor then began to quarrel about his bill with the college authorities, and eventually sent down a gang of men to wreck the tabernacle. This short-sighted move was speedily counteracted. Special constables were sworn in and placed to guard the entrances of the college, and no suspicious-looking character was allowed to enter. One member of the fifth, whose appearance was considered villainous was taken into custody by these strenuous officials, and not released till his identity was proved. You see this story is well on the high road to tradition; the last particular especially is good enough for anything.

It is our business to take care of traditions, and make them. No tradition is ever absolutely true, but then again we must have traditions, and therefore no one need be slavishly truthful in his dealings with them. But it is no use to add stupid or uncharacteristic details. Those who take it upon them to make traditions must be careful how they add to them. It is not your business to see that traditions are true, or even probably true, but

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they must be of the character of traditions. Any unusual or striking incident, if not valuable for strict historical truthfulness, should be seized upon, and with careful and judicious treatment it will become a tradition in time, and take its honoured place among others of like nature. But if anyone distrusts his own power of skilful addition to current stories, he should not attempt to deal with them. The aim is noble, but the process is an arduous one, and full of difficulty.

## COCK HOUSE MATCH.

Aurelius, the Dictator,
Was overheard to say—
"Confound me, if my house don't win
The footer cup to-day.
We galloped through the first two ties,
And then we drew the bye;
So, I repeat, my house shall win
The footer cup or die."

And now in groups of two and three
Trooped the spectators up
To view the fight, upon the which
Hung, so to speak, the cup—
Until upon the Common
The serried ranks were set,
To yell and scream, and shout applause,
When the two houses met.

Right in the centre of the field
The leather had been placed,

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On either side the forwards nine
The other forwards faced;
Till forwarded by Aulus' boot
The leather deftly sped
Toward the goal where Marcus stood,
Captain of black and red.

As falls the flaming bolt of Jove
When thunder-clouds are riven,
As fall our countenances when
No extra half is given,
So fell the ball that Aulus sped,
Yet rose again to heaven,
For Marcus caught it, and his boot
Propelled it into touch,
Just opposite their twenty-five,
Which did not help them much.

And now ensued the scrimmage, which
The tender forward dreads,
Like billy-goats that fight, they butt
At one another's heads—
Until the wary half, who lurks
Outside the steaming crew,
Has thrown the ball where Sulla stands,
The hope of black and blue.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
That swift three-quarters sped:
He burst through ranks of blue and black,
Through heaps of black and red.
Beneath one arm the leather,
With one he clears his way,
And though they tried to stop him, none
"Prevailed on him to stay."

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One tried to catch him by the knees,
Another by the waist,
But still he sped along by touch,
And still Tarquinius chased;
Until behind the goal-line
He rushed between the posts,
And one long cry of triumph
Rose from the gathered hosts.

Then Aulus brought it out, and Mus
Essayed to kick the goal,
Which he still thinks he would have done
Had it not chanced to roll;
And angry cries and shouts of "Ass"
From blue and black arose,
And various and derisive yells
From gullets of their foes.

Fain would I tell the doughty deeds
That either side displayed,
How Rufus meant to drop a goal,
But kicked behind instead;
How Plancus galloped through the squash,
And Fufius vainly tried
To trip him up; how Pompey stood
Consistently off-side;

How Marcus pulled him back, and how
A boxing match ensued;
How Cocles picked it up, and why
The referee waxed rude;
And which of those two houses
Eventually won;
And how the umpires came to blows
Before the game was done;

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Had not one whispered in mine ear,
"You've written quite enough.
The reading public will not care
To wade through all this stuff."
But this I know, that on that day
Th' entire school went up,
And any one of them can tell
Who won the footer cup.

[This description, by the way, will do for any house-match in any year, provided the colours are altered to suit particular cases. These colours were chosen mainly because "red" rhymes with "sped," in the third stanza, and "blue" with "crew" in the fifth.]

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## Chapter VI.

I have just had a short and brilliant passage of arms with the cricket captain of my house. I told him in a mild and polite way that I was not coming up that afternoon, to which he was rude enough to say that I was a fuggy beast. I think that is rather a direct mode of address, though it lacks elegance and truthfulness. I told him that fuggy was the same as hot; that he would certainly get hotter than I playing cricket; therefore he was the fuggier. After that I went away. I consider it beneath the dignity of a prefect to quarrel with a member of the lower fifth; and besides, he had a stump in his hand.

The fact is that it is the second day of a foreign match, and I know nothing pleasanter than the eleven bank. By the way, too, strawberries are in season, and with strawberries the eleven bank is nothing short of heavenly.

The heat seems to affect Kenwick. I find him lolling about in court in a state of melting limpness. However, he says he'll come up if I get the

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strawberries; so we slope up by degrees. The field is beginning to fill by the time we get up to it with the votaries of cricket, as the sporting papers say. The votaries of cricket, it may be observed, are all obliged to votary under pain of severe physical torture.

Gerald is playing to-day, and appears just to have got out. "Beastly luck," he says as we come up, "I wasn't a bit ready, and it broke right across, and the sun was slap in my eyes; besides, I wasn't out really." Poor chap! It really does seem hard luck having all these hindrances simultaneously; no wonder he got out.

However, the strawberries seem to be consoling. He remarks, somewhat ungratefully I thought, "What beastly strawberries," and instantly devoured the greater part of two pounds.

Cricket is one of those games that appear so easy. One would have thought it impossible to get out with that enormous weapon to put in the way. Lewis and Crookshank are in. It really is rather interesting to watch, they are so different. Lewis has the bowling, which appears to be weak. A half-volley is returned neatly along the ground to the bowler; a long-hop is sent with the utmost precision to point, though it doesn't quite reach him, and so on throughout the over, which is a virgin.

Crookshank's turn: the first ball looks rather a nasty one, somewhere on the off-stump, and how

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he managed to send it slap over past long-on I cannot conceive. However, it went there, and he got three. Cheers for Crookshank. No one knows how he did it; but there are more things in Crookshank's cricket than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

He certainly is too much for that extremely dangerous bowler, who lets them it at a perfectly appalling pace, and so he is taken off. The change is evidently a wily man. He alters the position of all his fields: he puts one of them somewhere over by the roller, and takes away everyone from the leg-side except one field, who is posted somewhere behind the pavilion.

There is quite a little group of fielders on the off-side, they might join hands. Then the bowler is a treat to watch. He trots for about half-a-mile at a gentle pace up to the wicket and tosses the ball in the air as if he was playing rounders. That is rather ill-advised of him: the last thing seen of that ball was a small speck in the eastern horizon. It took about half the field to bring it back. It gets rather slow after Crookshank is out: a quantity of people go in without hitting anything much, and so in about half-an-hour we move down across the field with the intention of bathing. The other games really are more interesting unless you are an artist, but to one who is not, on the whole third games are the most amusing. There is a splendid one just on

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where πόλλοι is in the winter. The grass is thick and rank, and they only have five stumps. The fielders are all in a state of collapse, some of them are sitting down, but most of them are lying. It is excellent fun for all but the batsmen, who are angry with the bowler for bowling too fast. The bowler is an excessively small youth with a large head, and the energy with which he bowls is worthy of a better cause.

Further down there is a second game, of which Marchant is Captain. He is also bowling, "Medium round-arm with a break both ways," he tells me when I ask his quality. I point out that if it broke evenly both ways it would go straight, owing to the resultant of the parallelogram of forces, which I got up this morning for certificate. His wides vary from two to three in an over, the runs from three to four per ball. He seems to be rather an expensive bowler.

Further down Gould's second and third are playing on a small plot of arid ground without a morsel of grass, and a young high road running through the middle. As each ball pitches it raises a little cloud of black dust. The two games are in most dangerous proximity. Long-leg on the third is short-leg to the second. He will probably get cut over in two places soon.

Good heavens! fancy playing racquets in this weather. Yes, I certainly hear the click of the balls as they hit the front wall. We really must see who

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it is. On the whole I would bet on its being Thorndyke. So we climb up the stairs. The Court is about at the temperature of a greenhouse in the tropics, and has that peculiar smell of saw-dust and gym. shoes that one never meets elsewhere. Yes, I thought so, Thorndyke and Grenfell. They are not very proficient at racquets: they make long swooping strokes, which do not usually come in contact with the ball, but if they do, the result is that the ball hits one of the side walls about eleven feet up, and travels slowly round, hitting the majority of walls in its course, and finally dropping dead in the corner. Then they pick it up and begin again. The balls are mostly rather oblong and of a sepia tinge. Thorndyke is in immense form. He is talking hard the whole time chiefly on the subject of his game with me. "Beat him awfully easily.—Four one.——He's rather a crock.—Could have given him seven."

The youth who said "Jiber," and his inseparable are playing a desultory game of snob with a remnant of a ball and about two thirds of a stump. How they can: the asphalte is soft and running with heat. It is so soothing to dig your heels into soft asphalte. As we pass he has the insolence to suggest that I should take him down to bathe. Well, there is nothing that pays like insolence in this world, and so I consent on condition he will get my towel. It remains that Kenwick should take the inseparable,

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who is a rising light in his house, though of a mean exterior. So we go down and sit under the lime trees till the towels come. The lime trees are very nice and rural in their way, and so are the red seats underneath them, but there is a sort of oozy gum that collects on the seats from droppings from the tree above, and loathly green creeping things come and flop suddenly down on to your knee, if they do not happen to see the gap between your collar and the back of your neck, and stare at you with meaningless eyes. Insects always give you the impression that they despise you: they treat you far too much as a matter of course.

That most annoying lad who went to get the towels, says he couldn't find mine, and has consequently brought me one of those inefficient small squares of smooth linen, known as dormitory towels. This particular one has the further recommendation of being already soaking wet. O well, I suppose it will have to do.

Kenwick begins to brighten up. He has been so oppressed with the heat that he has really been quite subdued all the afternoon. The first symptoms of brightening up are shown by a desire to flip me with his towel. On the whole I should prefer that he would remain in his subdued state. He has got a bath towel, and so is out of range of mine: though if I do hit him it is the more painful as being the wetter of the two.

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The wilderness always looks as if there had been a bad railway accident not long ago. It is covered with *debris* and engine boilers, and is further graced by a lovely brick building where the brass band contribute to the death of College kine. There is some aspirant to fame even now blasting away on that monotonous instrument, the bombardon. The bombardon really is rather tiring, it says nothing but "Pom" on one or two notes. A sort of wailing shriek that varies the "Pom," leads me to believe that some one is also performing on the flute.

The two inseparables betake themselves to the upper end, where Talbot is ringing the changes on "'Igher and wider." Talbot had the felicity of teaching me to swim. I was about three years learning. I remember very distinctly the stage that I reached, and remained at for nearly two years, namely, of being able to keep up as long as I thought that he was holding me up in the belt, but upon perceiving by his ejaculation "Now you swims," that he was not assisting, instantly sinking to the bottom.

I always confine myself to the steps, I find it pleasanter to stand on the third step (the one just under the surface of the water) and slide in gently. It is so much more graceful than hurling yourself violently from a sort of Jacob's ladder that reaches about to heaven. All the same I acknowledge that I sincerely admire Kenwick's fortitude. He has just been taking about six running from the top of

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Jacob's ladder. He makes the sort of noise that a riding whip makes when you crack it successfully, as he reaches the water, upon which he instantly swims to shore and does it again. I should think he felt rather like the victim of the riding whip feels as well.

Marchant joins us in a few minutes. I shouted out to know why he wasn't still bowling, and he replied that he was afraid he'd over-bowl himself, and be useless for his county.

Kenwick is also learning to dive. This consists in putting a portion of his face under water and kicking violently. It adds colour to the illusion if you pant a good deal when you take your face out again.

He seems rather indignant when I tell him that most of his head is out of water the whole time. "I should think I ought to know where my own head is," he says.

It really is too hot to make any move; besides, the two small youths won't be nearly ready yet. I believe the younger members of the school are gifted with an amphibious nature. I took one down to bathe the other day, when it was rather cold, and when I had stopped in until every limb was numb and aching, and had almost finished dressing, I had to use forcible threats in order to get him out of the water at all. He said he'd only been in about twenty minutes. Then in order to delay me further

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he lost his collar-stud, and insisted on combing his hair before he went up.

So we dress leisurely and sit down on the bank, having previously bagged Kenwick's rug, who is not quite ready yet. Kenwick is full of little tips. He shows me with pride a frightful tip he has got about his braces. By a certain system of pulleys, cribbed more or less from the "Argosy" of that ilk, he demonstrates conclusively that it saves about three-quarters of a second putting them on. He also has an extraordinary pocket underneath the lining of his waistcoat, the chief merit of which is apparently that the highwaymen who frequent these parts of England will have greater difficulty in taking his money, if he has put it there, which he usually forgets to do.

School bathing apparently has begun: it is a most enlivening sight. In about two minutes the water has got churned up into a rich yellow colour, as if they had been pouring a London fog into it. It always does get dirty towards the end of the term.

Going through the wilderness we hear that bombardon still going on. "Pom—pom—pom—pom—pom." The flute has come off second-best apparently: there are no signs of it. I should think it would be rather interesting to get up in a concert and play a bombardon solo. I wonder about how long the audience would stand it. They would either become

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insane or else take the instrument away. The college peacock is sitting somewhere near the brass band house, and is whispering sweet nothings in a high falsetto voice to the peahen, who to judge by the sound of her answers is about a quarter of a mile off. If they want to have a talk, why can't they come and do it within speaking distance? Perhaps it is a conjugal quarrel. No; I really can't resist that. The peacock is standing with his back to me and all his tail spread, and a towel is in my hand. "Good shot," remarks Marchant, as it dropped on to the middle of his back. It really was worth it to see the way that tail went down, with a wild yell that would have done credit to any inhabitant of Colney Hatch.

Here come Lewis and Beddaw, who have been playing for the eleven. I ask Lewis how he got out. 'O it broke right across," he said, "And a fly got into my eye; besides, that ass Wilton was just behind the bowler's arm."

"Just the same kind of thing as Gerald," I said, "What beastly hard luck on both of you."

"Why Gerald got bowled by a straight long hop," said he rather indignantly.

How very odd: there is a discrepancy somewhere: I wonder if Gerald would say that Lewis got bowled by a full-pitch or half-volley. Haven't you noticed that almost everyone gets out by a perfectly marvellous concourse of adverse circumstances?

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## *HOW SHE IS PLAYED.

Art thou a promising bat, and dost thou play cricket in form?
Hearken my son to my words, and obey the advice that I tender;
Thou shalt attain thine ambition, the summit of human ideals,
Wear an eleven cap, and adorn the Marlburian's columns.

First neglect to make runs, for if even their name should be legion,
Yet are they useless indeed, yea even worse are they than useless,
Runs will take care of themselves, and "form" is the essence of cricket;
Twist thy bat in thy hands, and always block the full pitches,
Making the easy ball hard, and the hard ball many times harder;
Always block the half-volley, and never smack at a loose one,
Play to a short ball forward, and haply make it a yorker.
Play to a long ball back, and make it a yorker likewise:
But if a good ball come, merely twiddle thy bat with thy fingers,
Haply thou may'st get out, but better were it to be so,
To have played the ball in good "form," than hit it cleaving the heavens,
Smacked it away for six, to the boundary of the pavilion.

Every ten minutes or so, at the end of each fifth or sixth over,
Go thou and beat with thy bat, wherever the ground may be level,
Or skip away from the wicket, to rub thy knee or thy ankle.

Finally when thou art out, from omitting to block the half-volley,

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Say to thy sorrowing friends "He bowled when I wasn't quite
ready,
Also it came round my legs, while a fly obstructed my vision."
So shall they say, "He is good, he is certainly worth the
eleven,
What if he makes no runs? Come, give him his blue and
white blazer."

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## Chapter VII.

Wilton is hoping to get into the XXII some time. I hope he will too, but I am not so sanguine as Wilton. A consequence of these hopes of his is that he is always going up to nets, and plaguing everyone else also to come. Bistow and Marchant and I have been deluded into coming: and Kenwick says he may come and bowl. It is always best to go up late for a net; there is then some faint possibility of its having been put up. Unfortunately I am not sufficiently late to-day, and I arrive on the scene, where there is only Wilton, who is struggling in an ineffectual manner with a rope, which shows no desire to do what it ought. I don't know who it is who makes all the knots on the ropes of the cricket nets. Someone must certainly employ much valuable time in doing so; there is a knot on an average to every four inches or so. They are usually hard ones. Didn't Alexander cut the Gordian knot? What a sell for the other kings who had broken their fingernails over it for centuries. The worst of it is that if you cut all the knots on this particular rope, you would find yourself with ten or twelve fragments

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about six inches long, which would not be quite adequate for the purpose.

"I wish you would come and help me over this knot," says Wilton rather crossly. He has worked himself into a red heat with his vain exertions.

Between us, somehow or other the knots are untied, and then of course there are no pegs. I suggest that he should hold the net up, and, failing that, that he should go and get some.

Bistow and Marchant have timed their arrival much better, and come just as the last peg is going in. "How beastly slack you've been," says Bistow, "fancy not having got the stumps up! Who'se got first?"

It appears that Wilton has got first, for he puts on his pads. I mean to have second anyhow.

Wilton has got his own ideas about cricket. His great point is that if you don't ever hit anything, and if nothing ever hits your wicket you can't possibly get out. The result of this incontestable theory is that he lets alone most of the balls, and looks at them in a knowing way as they go by.

The science of bowling lobs, I hold, is still in its infancy, and it shall be my business to educate it. I always find it is easier to bowl them more approximately straight, than any other sort. I don't see anything to prevent a round-arm ball going anywhere, and my theory is supported by the sight of Marchant's balls, which mostly do go anywhere.

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Wilton's innings is really most uninteresting. How great the contrast will be when— No, I must be modest. I succeed Wilton, and in a moment of elation I announce that I have an ice on each of my stumps. Kenwick asks why I don't eat them. Kenwick, I think, is foolish this morning. He must have got some water into his head from those dives yesterday.

One's wicket is really the only safe thing when Marchant is bowling. He usually bowls body balls, which would hit one somewhere about the fifth rib, if one didn't move away. I usually move away. Marchant says I funk his bowling. He always puts things in such a crude form.

I don't really quite know if Wilton is going to get into the XXII for his bowling or batting. He is equally unenterprising in both. He keeps out of the range of the balls when he is batting, and he keeps his balls out of the range of the batsman. Anyhow I find them entirely out of the range. They pitch moderately straight apparently, and then I really can't think what happens to them, sometimes they hit me and sometimes my bat, but usually the back of the net. I don't see the point of bowling a series of balls that don't do anything. Bistow bowls mainly to leg in a rapid and uneven manner. I hit a good many of them somewhere to short-slip. I don't quite know how its done, but it seems to answer sufficiently well. After all the thing to do is to play

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in form. Here is another of Wilton's coming quite straight and quite slowly. I shall go in for being a free bat. One more wicket to fall, and twenty more runs to get, that kind of thing. My original design of hitting that ball over to the trees I abandoned at the moment, and the ball somehow knocked one of those ices down.

Good heavens! Marchant has bowled a straight one. What is to be done? It's no use moving away. Hit it of course! There! Somehow my stumps seem to have got into a mess. That was Marchant's fault. How on earth was I to calculate on his bowling straight?

Bistow's only way of getting wickets is by calling "Caught again, I had my man there," in whatever direction, or to whatever distance you send the ball. At that rate he must have a small legion of fielders about the place. Anything one hits is caught by the man he had there. I shall try that dodge when he goes in, it is such a cheap way of getting wickets.

Bistow does go in in course of time, and he succeeds in going out about thirty times, succumbing to each of my fields in succession. This is charming. I have got about three elevens of Bistow's out already. At last, however, he unfortunately sends me a catch, and as I had already remarked "Got a man there," before I bowled the ball, it remained for me to catch it: and it did remain.

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Bistow asked scornfully if all the men I had caught like that one. Yes, I will allow that Bistow held me badly there, and Bistow also allows that I held him badly. That was a joke I expect; he laughed a good deal himself.

Bistow makes running comments as he plays like Thorndyke, except that the latter's remarks are on general subjects; Bistow's, exclusively on his own play. His comments, however, are usually rather premature. "A magnificent drive for six," he begins, as the ball, which eventually takes the majority of his stumps, leaves the bowler's hand. "A snick for three" passes his bat untouched, and the next, being followed by "A fine off-drive," took his leg-stump.

"There is a row in his timber-yard," remarks Kenwick sententiously, as Bistow contemplates the ruin behind him. "Say you saw Bistow sitting among the ruins of his wicket," he adds, as he sends the balls up.

Bistow is one of those people who won't go out when their ten minutes is up. He keeps on saying "You might as well send me one more," and promises not to stay. He usually keeps his promise, though to judge by the attitudes he throws himself into, he does his best to break it.

Marchant goes in last, "but not least," as he says, as he takes his place. He is what I consider to be a stylish bat. He never slogs, and does not get

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any runs: also he frequently gets out, but he does it all with a certain grace, that I am sure is correct. The way he blocks a full-pitch is something sublime: he hardly ever misses it. He also wears two batting gloves. I don't know why he doesn't play for his house; I suppose his total inability to score must have something to do with it.

Bother! There's bell beginning. Poor Bistow and Wilton will have to hurry for fear they should be late, and get fifty lines. How horrible to have to hurry on so warm a day. Moral: get into the Sixth bottom promotion.

Marchant proposes a bathe, and no Hall. Monday, is it? Salt-beef and tapioca. Yes, I think possibly a bathe might be better. Bistow may have my salt-beef and tapioca. Suppose we toss who gets towels for all of us. As I proposed this scheme, by a singular mischance the lot fell on me. I call that hard: the chances were two to one that it didn't, but it did.

Nothing to be seen of the peacock. I suppose it remembers the dormitory towel.

O, this really is too bad. It has been school bathing, and to judge by appearances the school have bathed with a vengeance. To draw a further conclusion from the same premises some of them were remarkably in need of a bathe. However, I suppose it is better than nothing. I find that Marchant is quite of the same opinion as I about the

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preference to be given to the steps, except in so far as he goes off the fourth step, and I go off the third. However, I encourage him, and tell him that if he practises at it he will find it is quite easy. After all it is below the water line you know. Talbot calls them rat headers. I suppose that is because you go in all in a piece with the feet in first. All the same, on reflection I don't quite seem to remember ever seeing a rat go in that way. They might try it with advantage, it is far the pleasanter. Kenwick, as usual, practises his mad leaps from inscalable heights. If he didn't always go in quite flat, he might enter for the school headers. I wonder if Marchant or I could stand any chance of them, on the strength of our fourth and third step plunges. Kenwick really will break himself all to pieces soon. He has begun practising running headers. I was first aware of that fact by seeing a body fly over me at a prodigious speed, and being almost deafened by the noise of it touching the water. I was also severely splashed, and got a considerable sediment of mud in my eyes. When the waves caused by the body had subsided, I perceived it was Kenwick.

Food is the next question. Marchant says he has got some cold porridge and some tea; I have a tea-cake that has seen better days, and Kenwick a toasting-fork, which is extremely useful in the dog-days. Toasting is such a pleasant operation when the thermometer is at about 120°. Besides that,

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the only means of toasting we have got is an inferior gas-stove, which I have no hesitation in saying would produce an inedible result. Under these circumstances Spielman's is distinctly indicated. They are just coming out of Hall as we go up. Bistow is aggrieved by having got fifty lines; we, on the other hand, have got a bathe. The distinction between the two is a real one, as I think Bistow feels. However, he feels he has enough spirit left in him to eat an ice, so we take him down.

Spielman has materials for many lunches: you can get anything from a beefsteak on order down to wafers, which are about the most unsubstantial things I know. Marchant is in real form to-day. He seems to eat everything near him without getting any forwarder; he really is wonderful. After that we stroll up in a general manner. Kenwick wants to go up to another net, but as I feel very strongly that I don't, we compromise matters by going up to bowl. It is rather a soothing occupation if you do it in the proper spirit: you musn't mind getting your ball hit away very often, and you mustn't mind waiting till someone goes by to throw it up; it spoils it all if you go after it yourself. There is Gerald just going up to have an extra lesson with the pro. Most of the eleven have extra lessons all day. They get two unfortunate professionals to plug away at them for hours together. He asks us

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to come and bowl too. It is a long way up to the eleven, but then when you get there it isn't bad. There are lots of fielders about, who usually, however, read books, and play catch among themselves. On the way up Kenwick is deluded into going to hit for a house extra lesson.

What happens is that the house eleven station themselves in remote corners of the field, while he sends catches to them in turn. It is so singularly useful for point to go and practise in the deep field. Then they all come in to a closer range, and get blazed at from the distance of a few yards. That is far better fun for the batsman; he can pay off old scores without any possibility of retaliation. When the batsman is so hot that he cannot hit any more, and when the hands of the fielders have been reduced to such a state of pulp as is deemed healthy, extra lesson terminates, and Kenwick joins me on the eleven.

I don't find I get through much bowling; it is so interesting to study the others. A few bowl in a zealous and conscientious manner. They are frightfully pleased when they get a wicket, and frightfully annoyed when they just don't; but by far the majority bowl as if they had just batted, or as if they were just going to bat.

No, this makes one too hot, considering one is not in flannels; I think we'd better go down. Besides, there is the ten-past-three bell going, and

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there is work to be done. It is cruel to make one work on such a hot afternoon. However, the seats in Court will make it tolerable; so we go and get our books and prepare to investigate the roots of words. There are no empty seats anywhere, and the least occupied one is tenanted by a small youth with a large nose, who is sucking toffee. He looked extremely cross when Kenwick and I came and sat down at the other side of the tree, and eyed us suspiciously. I am not nervous by nature, but he has a malignant greenish-coloured eye, with which he fixed me. After looking at me for some time with evident contempt he got up and walked away. He is rather like one of those insects that live in the lime-trees, probably he is descended from them by direct evolution.

"Where does it begin?" says Kenwick, opening his book in a praiseworthy manner.

I believed it began at page 39, but I wasn't sure. "Suppose you go and see," I suggest to Kenwick.

However, this suggestion makes him quite certain that it does begin where I suggested, so we set to.

"What a ghastly affair!" said Kenwick, glancing over the first page.

He wasn't far wrong; it consisted of this sort of thing.

Vox H.G. welder LG gneish.

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The only explanation offered for this unintelligible state of things was Grimm's law, which we then proceeded to master.

"Briefly," said Kenwick after a short inspection, "Any consonant may become any other, and the vowels don't count."

That put quite a new light on to the roots of words, and made it quite intelligible how "Vox" might become "Gneish," or anything else.

"This is making me feverish," said Kenwick after a short pause, "Let's have an interval."

Carried *nem. con.*

It was unlucky that Gerald should come down from the eleven just as the interval was drawing to a close. It necessitated a prolongation of the aforesaid interval.

He sat down by us.

"I've done my work this morning," he said, "It was frightfully easy."

I pointed in mute horror to the book.

"You're just a hundred pages out," he said.

I turned to Kenwick in some warmth.

"You said you remembered where it began," I said "And what's to be done now?"

"I like that," he replied, "Who suggested page 39?"

That was unanswerable in its way, so I turned in severe silence to page 139.

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"You'd much better come and bathe," said Gerald, "We've done it all before, and besides there's heaps of time before school."

"Do you honestly think that bathing would clear my head," I asked Gerald.

"What of?" interrupted Kenwick.

Kenwick wants sitting on: I shall do it sometime.

Gerald solemnly assured me that it was useless to tackle page 139 without a clear head, and that he knew of no other recipe for it but bathing. Well the consequence was that we both went down to bathe, and after a few minutes Kenwick joined us. An ulterior consequence was that we went into school with quite clear, but also quite empty heads, but that is neither here nor there.

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## Chapter VIII.

To-day is Saturday, and to-night is Penny Reading. From the fact of to-day being Saturday, you might be led to suppose that to-night would be Saturday night, instead of which, as I have told you, it is Penny Reading. Moreover, I feel distinctly overworked, and generally below *par*, which is the Latin for not being "the thing," and so I mean not to do any work to-night.

I think snob might be a good thing to do after tea. You play snob with a sort of flannel ball, with knotted string tied unevenly round it. If you put a modicum of soap on to your ball before use, you find that it becomes greasy, and consequently shoots. In these cases your bowling usually takes more wickets than it deserves. It is as well, however, not to lend your ball to the batsman you have just bowled: it is apt to ruffle him. There is rather a crowd playing snob, which is nice enough when you get in, but you only have the opportunity of putting in a ball about once every ten minutes, and even then someone from behind usually jerks your arm and the ball is propelled somewhere down the hill.

My ball is perfectly fatal to-night. Gerald was in just when I came up, and the very first ball I

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bowled took him. The speed of the ball was terrific, and it shot all the way. I wish they'd play house-matches on the snob court, and let me bowl with a soapy ball. I might get my house colours then, whereas at present I honour second game with my services, and they are not very gratefully accepted even there.

There must be a fatality about first balls this evening. I was got out by one too. However, first balls usually are rather fatal to me; I don't suppose second balls would be, but I haven't often tried them.

I was unwise enough to bowl a full pitch to Barton just now, and consequently my ball didn't have sufficient opportunity to shoot, and got sent somewhere on to Gould's ground instead. The next ball was one of the most deadly I have ever seen, and the usual result followed. I wish my innings was more eventful; there is a certain monotony about getting bowled at once. Eventually that beloved lump of soapy string got sent into the shrubbery behind, which acts as an efficient back-stop, but won't give up the ball when it has caught it. I met Kenwick on the way down. He was going up to snob, but on my representing to him that it was just on bell, he consented to come up into the Alley and slope round.

There are a number of interesting specimens in the Alley. There is one particular person, who is more ingenious than any on this earth, namely

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Gresham. He is of a mechanical turn of mind, and does everything by handles. It is dangerous to go into his study under ordinary circumstances. To begin with he normally keeps a waste paper basket, a teapot, and a few other useful pieces of furniture on the top of his door, to entrap the unwary. However, his door is shut so a booby-trap is out of the question. I incautiously entered first, and was surprised and alarmed to find myself crowned by a Greek Dictionary and a couple of small histories. My straw hat is a hopeless pulp, and so is my head. Gresham was inside and gloated over the success of the trap. By a ghastly contrivance he managed to fix a dictionary on to a bracket above his door, round which was loosely tied a string, fastened at the other end to the inner side of the door. It follows that when the door is opened the dictionary is pulled off its bracket, and falls upon the opener. The same remark applies to the grammars and waste paper baskets.

One is never safe in Gresham's study. Kenwick has just sat down on the greater part of an electric battery, which was worked by nitric acid and water, the consequence was that the nitric acid and water was communicated to Kenwick's trousers, and he has retired to make necessary alterations in his dress. Gresham never does anything in the ordinary way; he shuts his window by means of a lever. If you pull the lever sufficiently hard, it will break, and the window remains open. Gresham says it did work

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once, but that it has got stiff. He employs his time mainly in shooting out of a gigantic pea-shooter, made of a glass tube which reaches half across the study. The peas fly with prodigious violence and carry an immense distance. He also shoots lucifer matches out of it, which, with luck, explode on the wall of the bat fives Court. I tried to do it the other day, but as I was gathering the requisite breath, the match got sucked up into my mouth. I shouldn't recommend lucifer matches as an article of diet, they may be wholesome, but they are not pleasant. Gresham say they contain phosphorous, which is good for the brain.

He has a quantity of patent bolts on his door, which usually give way when the least pressure is applied. He has also got a patent glass pen of his own manufacture. It consists of a tube which narrows to a point, and is a sort of inferior stylographh. The tube, however, is not closed at the top end, and if in a meditative moment you lower the top end, about half-a-pint of ink finds its way down your sleeve. Otherwise the pen never consumes any ink at all; it has not yet been known to come out at the other end. His patent ink-bottle does not ink your fingers when you dip an ordinary pen into it, mainly for the reason that it hardly ever has any ink in it; I daresay it would, though, if it had.

The next study belongs to Mops. He is of a literary turn of mind, and if you encourage him he

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will show you what he is going to send up to the next *Marlburian*. The contribution is usually a poem about Death or Spring. I don't know that he has got anything in yet, but that is probably due to want of appreciation in the editors, not of talent in Mops. Mops' other efforts are in the debating line. I believe he shuts himself up in his study and practises declamation, like Demosthenes, and his speeches make the audience laugh, which is a great point. He went in for the Plater prize this term, having provided himself with a useful rhyming dictionary. The result is not yet known, so Mops has hopes. His exterior is mean, but his mind is great.

Mops keeps me so long with his various productions that it is past eight when I leave his study. Kenwick has repaired damages, and we go down together. We hear agonized snatches of song proceeding from the Bradleian where the last practises are being conducted. So we try to steal in unobserved, but as we entered just then the music stopped and everyone looked at us. It was almost impossible to appear unembarrassed under these circumstances. The choir looked at us in stony silence, and the conductor glared.

However, I shan't go out now.

"At the top of the third page," says the conductor, one Whiston, in a voice of suppressed irritation.

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"One, two, three "———.

Dead silence.

"After the third beat, I said," he remarks severely. He didn't say so at all really.

This is a funny glee, though from the expression on the face of most of the choir you wouldn't think so.

They have it at most Penny Readings. It is all about "Three Cockchafers." The point chiefly lies in everyone saying the last word of the song instead of singing it. Whiston asks me to help at the Penny Reading. I asked him if he wished me to sing a solo. He said the solos were already provided for, but he wanted me to keep the door with a racquet-handle, and beat the threepenny seats. It seems simple enough: I rather think I will. I don't know quite what will happen if they take it into their heads to beat me. Whiston says he doesn't know either. He ought to then; he is Penny Reading boss. So after chapel I take up a suitable position close to the Bradleian door. I can stand and die like Julius Cæsar if necessary.

The crowd thickens and thickens.

I really must do something, if its only in pure self-defence. Happy thought: Whiston told me to beat the threepenny seats. I suppose he meant the threepenny seaters. Perhaps it would be best to warn them first. Shall I tell them I am going to begin like Mr. Winkle, and pull off my coat?

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I don't know if a conciliatory policy would not be best. Here goes, then: "Would you mind keeping back there, please?

No result. Request encore, and louder.

The result does not budge.

I timidly hit someone, who turned out to be a sixpenny seat. Remonstrances from the beaten one. I point out that if he is a sixpenny seat he ought to have been in long ago.

"The door is blocked up," says he.

Here is an opening to make oneself useful. Summoning up an unusual supply of courage, I forcibly take away the obstruction. When it has recovered breath it remarks that it was a shilling seat. I seem to have put my foot in it, and there are several people treading on both of them.

After that a scene of indiscriminate carnage ensued. The total result was that after I had wounded several members of the throng, whom I believe were sixpennies, I was firmly placed between the two doors. Anyhow, I was safe there, and so were the threepennies, unless I beat everyone who came by. I should be safe to hit a threepenny soon, I have hit everybody else already.

Well they all got in somehow, and I remained outside to get cool. Whiston just then came out, and expressed himself dissatisfied with the discipline that had marked the entrance of the threepennies. "Did you take any steps to stop them?" asked he.

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"I spoke roughly to them," I replied, "And beat them when they tried to squash in. After that they took steps to stop me, by putting me away."

"Oh well," he said, "It's all right now: I've kept a seat for you."

The seat he had kept for me was on the top of a Bradleian desk, at a giddy height from the ground. However, that would have done nicely, only there were two small choir youths, who looked disgusted when I took it: I suppose they were making preparations to take it themselves. The performance which was supposed to begin at 8.45, began at about 9.0. However, as they were evidently waiting for me to get settled, I won't quarrel with that. The first item was a pianoforte solo, by Thorndyke. He got very red as he mounted to the platform, and began to talk rapidly to the person who was turning over his leaves. He then sat down and played a dirge. It lasted an immense time, but was a little melancholy. As soon as that was over, Whiston again assailed me. "Would you mind taking a few notes for the *Marlburian* account," he said, "I can't find anybody else."

That was a trifle uncomplimentary: but I don't mind doing it. The only thing of importance, which has happened at present, was the gallant conduct, but subsequent defeat of the beater of the threepenny seats.

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The next item was the removal of the piano by two strenuous college servants. A protracted struggle took place, but the piano was eventually out-manœuvred. Immense applause among the audience. Then a song was sung by the choir, but as it was soft, and was not out of tune, the School did not encore it. That's one for the school. This was succeeded by several minor events: the most important being a cornet solo, which was very loud and clear, and consequently most popular. Then came the event of the evening, the Penny Reading itself. N.B.—"What is not needful is dear at a penny." Hint for the committee given gratis. It was of a funereal type, but was accompanied with a great deal of bye-play which is always charming. After that came the three humorous chafers. They always do have the chafers at a Penny Reading.

Whiston really is a sight conducting. Everyone literally cowers before him. He wields a stick with which he gesticulates madly to the choir, who look as if he was going to throw it at them. The way he frowns at the trebles is simply overwhelming. He looks rather like that statue beating the plate on the Bradleian wall, except that Whiston has got a head and two hands, all of which he uses to great effect.

There is an ominous stir among some black boxes at the other side of the stage, which I am afraid portends instruments of brass. I think in

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that case a little air might be beneficial. I scramble down from the giddy height, and make an exit. There seems to be a general rush towards a certain mathematical class-room by members of the choir. I have noticed that there usually is something to be got by following a rush of people. If I hadn't done that when I was beating the threepennies, I shouldn't have got my place between the doors. This particular instance is no exception to the rule. The mathematical class-room proves to contain porter and bread and butter. Well it might contain worse things, but it won't contain them (*i.e.*, the better things) long. Whiston seems to object to my drinking as much porter as I think to be advisable. He says it is for the choir. Then he shouldn't drink it himself. Considering how I mauled the sixpennies, and how the threepennies mauled me, I think I am justified in taking porter: and besides I am special correspondent, and they always take porter.

The brass band is well under weigh when I return to the Bradleian. It is going to be a close race between the bombardon and the drum. I would bet on the drum, as having more staying power, unless it bursts, which, indeed, doesn't seem unlikely. The race, by the way, lies in who ultimately drowns everybody else. That cornet at the end there isn't doing badly: it eclipsed everyone for a moment, but the bombardon and drum rose again to the surface. They are playing "Queen of

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my heart," set as a valse. It might sound rather nice from Martinsell if they were in tune. Immense excitement prevails: the bombardon wins; no, the drum gives a spurt, and they end level—a dead heat. The school are vociferous in their applause. Well, well; I suppose dead heats have to be run again. This time they start upon the "British Grenadier" polka, a jolly old roast-beef sort of performance. It makes us all feel quite patriotic. What one chiefly felt when it was over was "What a power of wind they must have used!" It makes one quite faint to think of it. The brass band is an excellent institution, but they ought to play only in Court and in Upper School. Then one enjoys it immensely.

The most amusing item of all was the last, namely, the toy symphony. The exemplary gravity of the performers was marvellous. How a being gifted with a sense of humour can put a whistle to his mouth and say "cuckoo" before a large audience without laughing is more than I can think. The nightingale, who holds a saucer of water to the end of a little leaden pipe, is also worthy of notice. Towards the end the cuckoo got refractory. Instead of saying "cuckoo," it said "cuck—oo," occasionally varied by a series of "cuckoos" produced with breathless rapidity, one on the top of the other. It really was horribly funny. Whiston was also wonderful. He beat time to all the performers with

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one hand, and held a tin trumpet to his mouth with the other. I rather think he turned over the page with his nose, which is long enough to be useful.

"God Save the Queen," was perhaps the grandest effect. All the brass band and all the orchestra, the choir, the audience, and the toy symphony instruments joined in. The Bradleian simply got choked up with the noise. After that the important thing was to get out, which was difficult and dangerous. One got shot over the brass band cases, and wedged up against the piano, and spiked by the harmonium, until one was in imminent danger of being torn to bits. What happened to my notes for the *Marlburian* I shouldn't like to say. The special correspondent got severely injured, that I will vouch for. I believe it is the first time a special correspondent has got into danger.

I find Marchant is having a sort of "at home." In other words, he wants to work, and the world in general considers it its duty not to let him.

Gerald is playing a game of fives up against the door, on his own account. Some one else is doing toast over the fire, I hope on my account. Gerald's ball occasionally goes on to the table when it causes havoc among Marchant's attempts to do an essay. Eventually it goes into the fire, and owing to the smell of burnt India-rubber, *exeunt omnes.*

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## Chapter IX.

I don't know if I have mentioned that I am a member of the Natural History Society. Marchant persuaded me to join last term, chiefly in order to help him to break his neck birds'-nesting. However, there are no birds'-nests this term, and my proceedings in connection with the Society have been confined to field days. There is a field day to the Forest, to which Marchant and I are going. It is no use going to do nothing, so we have provided ourselves with two handsome butterfly nets, and a quantity of pill-boxes to put captives in. Marchant has also got some laudanum to kill the creatures with. He says it does just as well as chloroform. "It is fatal to a man, *a fortiori*, it is fatal to a moth," is his line of argument. I point out to him that the fatality of it lies in swallowing it, which would not be easy to effect in the case of a butterfly. However, I don't suppose it will do any harm.

My net is of a wonderful construction; it is made to look as much like an untidy umbrella as possible. When taken out of its case it springs into shape. Marchant's is much cruder; it is a sickly

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green bag on the end of a pole, and all the colour comes off on your hand.

It is a perfectly broiling day. I should think we should catch lots of butterflies. We drove up through the Forest to the Ruins. I didn't see many butterflies on the way, but a good many horse-flies saw me. They settle in a silent and stealthy manner on the back of one's hand, and commence to dig a sort of pit in it. When you begin to wonder what is happening they fly away and mock. There were about twenty-five of us in all. There were upwards of a dozen botanists, several entomologists, a few nondescripts, like Marchant and myself, two geologists, and a photographer. I don't know what the geologists have come for, unless they are going to examine the formation of the Ruins, there isn't very much formation left either.

Marchant and I went off as soon as we arrived, while lunch was being prepared, and made several unsuccessful attempts to stalk some large yellow butterflies that were flopping about on the thistles. I thought I had one once, and after getting the greater part of the thistle embedded in my hand, the butterfly made a graceful exit through a large rent, which I had overlooked, but it hadn't. That was distinctly damping. In fact, the only thing I caught before lunch was a horse-fly, which I am reserving until I can think of a suitable death for it: I think I shall bite it, and dig pits in it. Marchant

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caught a butterfly of wondrous appearance, which turned out to be the Common Tortoiseshell, and did not excite much attention at head quarters.

Lunch was half over when we came back, and all I could get was some rather withered lettuce, dry bread, and some ginger-beer, which was raised by subscription on everybody else's bottle. However, the ginger-beer was the chief point. As soon as we had eaten, the photographer, one Hervey by name, asked us all for a sitting. He says he can only take us out in the sun, if we wouldn't mind.

So he arranges a picturesque group; it really is most beautiful. We are all grasping our ginger-beer bottles, all, that is, except I, who hold an empty glass. He kept us like that for a longish period, and then announced that he was going to begin, "Quite steady please."

"Look a little pleasanter," whispers Marchant in my ear, at the critical moment.

Everything was so preternaturally solemn that I couldn't help laughing. Consequently we had to begin again. The photographer is getting quite irritable.

"If you could manage not to make jokes just for half a second, you can do what you like afterwards," says he. I am getting a sunstroke, but that doesn't matter. My brains are beginning to frizzle inside my head, like bacon.

We were just getting steady again, when a horse-fly settled on Newton's face. Newton is one

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of the geologists, by the way. He stood it very well for about the tenth part of a second, and then remarked gravely, "One moment, please," and wiped it off; so we had to begin again. This time it would probably have been more successful, but in the excitement of the moment, the photographer kicked one of the legs of his camera with such severity as to prostrate the whole concern. I think that was the last accident. He let us go soon afterwards.

Ewbank, who is another entomologist, says he'll take us to a good place for fritillaries.

"I got about twenty there last year, he says encouragingly, as we trudge across an endless tract of scorched grass. The home of the fritillaries is a small common covered with gorse bushes. Sure enough there are a good many of something flying about. Why they are the same as the animal that I nearly caught this morning. They will feel quite at home with me.

I selected a particularly fine looking specimen to stalk; it was settling on a patch of gorse as I came near it. However, just as I reached it, it rose and moved slowly along a grass path; that is very kind of it, I shan't get pricked. Like the Frenchman, who was warned not to shoot a pheasant running, and replied "No, I wait till she stop," I determine that my chance will be better when it stops. I hope it will get tired soon, I should think it must.

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The provoking beast goes flopping on quite calmly: it doesn't show any signs of being out of breath yet. At last in desperation I make a swoop at it. It seems not to be hurt, but it unfortunately changes its course, and goes sailing over the furze bushes. Well, I mustn't give up now: so I plunge after it. I make another shot at it and miss, and then it settles four or five yards ahead. Now or never! In making a dash forward, I tripped and fell. Have you ever got your face combed by a furze bush? It is not soothing. That miserable butterfly meanwhile has begun to soar. By the time I recover myself it is out of reach, and I watch it slowly getting higher and higher till I lose sight of it. My next venture was hardly more successful. I managed to net an attractive looking butterfly, but it came in half somehow, as I was trying to persuade it to go into a pill-box, and the most uncanny part was that both halves seemed to go on living. I don't suppose they would give me a notice for a butterfly which was in pieces. They ought to be more firmly put together. I managed to secure a fritillary at last, but by mistake I put it into the same pill-box as my horse-fly was in. They buzzed round together for a short time, and then there was silence. I suppose murder must have been committed. I think I would bet on the horse-fly. I hope it won't make many pits in the fritillary, it would impair its value as a specimen.

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Ewbank is in great form: he is careering wildly about, with a happy purple face; his pockets bulge with pill-boxes. "Have you caught anything," he says, as he comes up panting. "I have got an Aglaia, and an Adippe, and a Euphrosune, and Euthepecia frimata." "I've only got an Aurora Borealis," I remark, as I pull out my pill-box.

"A what?" he says, opening one corner.

Buzz. Out went the horse-fly.

"There," I said, in sorrow more than anger, "you've let it out."

"What did you say it was?" he asked. I repeated the name. It began to dawn on him soon.

The fritillary was the worse for wear. The horse-fly had lunched off it. However, Ewbank says he'll give me a couple of his, so I don't mind.

"Where can Marchant be?" I asked, when Ewbank had transferred two pill-boxes from his pocket to mine.

A straw hat, bobbing up and down on the far extremity of the common, seemed to indicate Marchant.

Ewbank says he's got enough for the present, and so we go slowly after Marchant. He greatly admires my net, bar the hole, though personally I would sooner have a real umbrella than this thing. Ewbank hasn't really got quite enough apparently: he makes little darts into the gorse

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bushes every now and then, sometimes checking himself and exclaiming in an undertone, "Only Pièris Brassicae;" sometimes pursuing a scarcely visible moth till he captures it, and assigns it some name about five times as long as itself.

Marchant's straw hat is bobbing violently in our direction, and he brandishes the pale green net wildly over his head. Suddenly he gives a great swoop, and vanishes altogether behind the furze bushes. Ewbank is quite excited: he wonders deliriously whether it is a Fagi or a Togata. I tell him I don't think it can be a Togata, which doesn't seem to satisfy him. At last we come up to Marchant. He has just successfully boxed the insect, and doesn't see the force of showing it to Ewbank, who has already let my Aurora Borealis go; so Ewbank has to bottle his impatience.

Marchant is of a fine ruddy colour. No; ruddy is hardly the word. He is the sort of colour that the sun is through a slight fog at evening, a lowering, threatening red. He casts a sort of red reflection on the furze bushes, like an engine light.

"I vote we rest," says Marchant, "I shall melt if we go on."

Certain symptoms in Marchant's face rather seem to indicate that he is melting already.

Ewbank is indignant.

"What's the use of going on a field day if you don't catch butterflies."

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I point out to him that we have already caught lots, and that nothing prevents his catching as many more as he wanted.

So we went and sat down on an old beech root, and watched Ewbank careering about wildly after Adippes and Aglaias.

It was quite an interesting sight.

O dear! Exams. next week. An examination is so like a highway robbery. The Examiner makes you halt and give up all you know. And then the end of the term will not be quite so pleasant as usual. The thought of well-earned idleness generally buoys one up, but this term I really would sooner have lengthened indefinitely. I don't quite see the point of leaving.

Ewbank joins us after a time: even he can have enough entomologising, and we sat together till it began to grow cooler, and then we strolled across and joined the others where they were collecting to go down again.

We sat looking out into the Forest for some time while the carriage was being got ready, and watched the sunset sinking and paling behind the beech trees; we were silent mostly, perhaps tired, or perhaps thinking of other things. Our reverie was broken by Ewbank.

"Give me a net," he shrieked, I see a Euthypecia Subparpaveata!

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## Chapter X.

Sunday evening, and to-morrow is Prize Day, and on Tuesday we break up. That is the plain state of things. I don't feel as if I know what will happen after Tuesday; a very lovely piece of one's life will have gone. One so seldom realises the truth of a truism until one is brought face to face with it, and that is very bitter sometimes. After being accustomed all one's life to hear that one will never have such happy years again, and after dismissing the remark with something like a yawn, it has met me now in reality, and one hardly feels inclined to yawn at it.

The field is dotted over with little groups of fellows strolling about in the cool evening air: it has been very hot all day, but it is fresher now, and the air is very still. Behind the pavilion there is a great gorgeous splash of yellow and red, with little level streaks of purple cloud across it, where the sun has sunk.

They pass and re-pass, some talking gaily enough, looking forwards to to-morrow and Tuesday, some perhaps rather subdued, now and then looking up quietly, half understanding, half guessing, as

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Kenwick and I sit here and watch the evening drawing on.

Every spot in the field has its own association, and they crowd thick upon me now. It was only just there I was standing in cock-house ground, when a catch came, the sort of thing you might have caught in your mouth. Of course I dropped it, and that lost us the match; the fortunate batsman stopped in and made fifty or more. It was almost on the same spot that I got a try in about the only big game I ever played on: it was held outside really, but somehow it was given in my favour. The goal wasn't kicked, though.

Here comes Bistow up across the field. He looks remarkably as if he had been bathing. I hardly think it would be worth while to ask him. He doesn't look particularly brilliant either. He has been super'd at last, they wouldn't give him his twenty-seventh extra term. Awful lines.

"What is the point of leaving?" asks Bistow after a pause.

"Give up," says Kenwick, "Ask another," Bistow doesn't apparently feel quite up to asking another.

"I never was much good at riddles," he remarks rather irrelevantly, flipping lazily at the little heap of cut grass with his towel.

I didn't see his towel before. He must have been bathing.

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"Have you been bathing?" I asked in a severe tone, feeling for my white tie to support my authority, and finding I hadn't got it on.

"Yes," replies Bistow, "Are you going to stop my bathing for a week."

"I wish to goodness I could," I replied, "I can only do it for about thirty-six hours."

Another dreary pause. Kenwick is looking quite subdued. It must be the heat that affects him. I think the heat has affected me, I don't feel at all well. I shall have leave off to-morrow. Shall I, though? I don't think there are any more early schools. I really quite wish there were. I should positively enjoy a few more. No more early schools, fancy that, what a browse not having to get up at 6.30 and fish for one's clothes on a dark winter's morning! Yes, perhaps it is rather a browse; but as I said, I really should rather like some more early schools, inclusive of the winter's morning.

And the worst of it all is the thought that comes to one's mind that things will go on much the same, so few comparatively are leaving: there are so many to stay. Perhaps they will miss one for a little, but for no long time. And yet it is best so: it is right that the place should go on living its old quiet life, serene, secure. And besides in a sense we belong to it still, though others shall come, who know us not, who will be perhaps very much what we have all been, and their turn will come in time

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and they shall go: yet though all pass they will leave a certain mark behind, unrecorded perhaps but felt, just a little contribution to the spirit of the place, which will live in it, as surely as the memory of the distant shadowy years lies in them when they look out wistfully from dirty rooms and crowded towns———

Dear me! how I have been moralising. The field is emptying by degrees, though the dusky figures below still pass and re-pass: but it is getting towards chapel time, and we must be going.

I remember this time last year very well. I wondered vaguely how I should feel in a year's time. I think I was rather glad that the end of the term had come; exams. had been a nuisance.

Come; there is chapel bell beginning, let us be going down: it will be for the last time.

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